

Yakov Voloshyn With His Family



This is my family. From left to right, 1st row: my son Rafail Voloshyn, my wife's mother Bertha Tombak, my wife Lilia Voloshyna, nee Tombak, holding our daughter Nelly Gluschenko, nee Voloshyna and my wife's father Adolf Tombak. 2nd row: I, my wife's sister Raisa, I don't know her family name in her marriage, and her son Goga. This photo was taken in Kiev in 1953. I went to work in 1945. I worked with the Soviet Villager newspaper. This was a newspaper of the Central Committee of the Party published in Ukrainian for the Western regions of Ukraine, annexed to the USSR after the war: Moldova, Bukovina, Subcarpathia. In the late 1940s this newspaper ceased publication and gave way for a new newspaper: 'Kolkhoznoye Selo' [Kolkhoz village]. This was also a Central Committee newspaper and published in a bigger format. It was published in Russian and Ukrainian. I worked a lot to support the family. Besides working for the newspaper I also worked freelance in other editorial offices. I took retouch orders and gave photographs back at the scheduled time, receiving my payment. I also painted covers for books and magazines. During World War II my wife and son and my wife's parents and sisters were in evacuation in Miass, Cheliabinsk region. My wife and son and her parents returned from evacuation in 1945 after Victory Day. We all lived in two rooms that I had received in 1944 after demobilization. My wife didn't work after she returned to Kiev. In 1946 our daughter Nelly was born and my wife looked after the children. We always celebrated Soviet holidays. My colleagues from editorial offices - photographers and artists - visited us. There were at least 40 guests on New Year, 1st May and Victory Day. Of course, Victory Day was the most important holiday for us. My family and my wife's parents didn't observe any Jewish traditions. We knew about Jewish holidays. Occasionally we recalled that there was a Jewish holiday and what we were supposed to eat on it, but this was all. We never had matzah at home.